DOCTOR
Merry-man:

OR,

Nothing but Mirth.

Written by S. R.

LONDON

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Doctor Merry-man

Or, Nothing but Mirth.

A Cittizen for recreation ſake,
To ſee the Country would a ſorney take
Some dozen mile, or very little more;
Taking his leaue of Friends two months before,
With drinking Healths, and ſhaking by the hand,
As he that trauel'd to ſome new found Land:
Well, taking Horſe with very much adoe,
London he leaueth for a day or two;
And as he rideth, meets vpon the way
Such as (what haſte ſoeuer) bid men ſtay:
Sirra (ſayes one) ſtand, and your purſe deliuer;
I am a taker, thou muſt be a giuer.
Vnto a Wood hard by they hale him in,
And rifle him vnto his very skin.
Maiſters (quoth he) pray heare me ere you goe,
For you haue rob'd more now, then you doe know:
My Horſe (introth) I borrowed of my brother,
The Bridle and the Saddle of another:
The Ierkin and the Baſes be a Taylors,
The Scarfe (I doe aſſure you) is a Saylors:
The Falling-band is likewiſe none of mine,
Nor Cuffes, as true as this good light doth ſhine:
The Sattin Doublet and Rayzd-veluet Hoſe,
Are our Church-wardens, all the Pariſh knowes.
The Bootes are *Iohns* the Grocer at the Swan;
The Spurs were lent me by a Seruing-man:
One of my Rings (that with the great red Stone)

Insooth I borrowed of my Gossip *Ione*;
Her Husband knowes not of it: Gentlemen,
Thus stands my case; I pray shew fauour then.
Why (quoth the theeues) thou needs not greatly care:
Since in thy losse, so many beares a share:
The world growes hard, many good-fellowes lacke,
Looke not at this time for a penny backe,
Goe tell at *London*, thou did'st meete with foure,
That rifling thee, haue rob'd at least a score.

TWo Beggers did encounter on the way,
That had not seene each other many a day:
Nor met together at the hedge, (Rogues Hall)
As perfect louzy as they both could crawle:
Each had a Hatte, and Night-Cap for the cold,
And Cloakes with patches, full as they could hold:
Great Satchel Scrips, that shut with Leather flaps,
And each a Dog to eate his masters Scraps.
Their shooes were Hobnaile proofe, soundly bepegg'd,
Wrapt well with Clouts, to keepe them warmer legg'd:
Sayes one to th'other, come, hang care lets drinke.
Our trade is better then a number thinke;
For I, my Wife, and *Iack*, ply vp and downe,
To make our e'ry day worth halfe a Crowne,
Most Townes in *Flaunders*, I haue learnd to name,
And am a poore distressed Souldier lame:
And sometimes I their Charities desire,
Like one hath lost all that he had by fire.
Fire (quoth the other) come along mad knaue,
Lets goe where we some watering place may haue,
Where's the best Beere to giue a man content?

I haue

I haue a penny that was neuer ſpent,
And twenty Slaues, I Gentlemen did name,
Before I could be maſter of the ſame:
To many an Aſſe I doe the *Worſhip* giue,
With *Lord preſerue your goodneſſe while you liue*::
Now Ieſus proſper you by Sea and Land,
And bleſſe you Maſter, all you take in hand;
God keepe your limbes, and Lord increaſe your ſtore,
I eate no Bread to day (but dranke the more)
For Chriſt his ſake, make this ſame vp a penny:
Thus doe I angle Siluer out of many,
I, when I haue it for my ſpeaking faire,
If he were hang'd that gaue it, I nere care.
The other Begger laught, and did reply,
Roger, of that ſame humour iuſt am I.
I can affoord good ſpeech as well as thou,
And vnto any Knaue, ſuch words allow;
I will not want that, till my tongne doth faile:
But prethee come, let vs goe find the Ale,
I am as dry, as euer was March-duſt,
And heres a Groat, I meane to ſpend it iuſt.
Well ſaid old *Tom*, (ſayes th'other) if thou doe,
My Groat ſhall goe, and my *Tobacco* too.
Although a Beggers credite, be not great,
We will be Gentlemen in our conceite:
I thinke my ſelfe as good a man each way,
As he that goes in Veluete'ry day.
Weele ſpend a Crowne, and drinke carowſes round,
Before ſome Churles are worth ten thouſand pound:
Theres nothing but a paire of Stocks we feare,
Ile bring thee to a cup of tickling geare.

A Mercy-monger choyse of Suerties had,
A Country fellow plaine in Russet clad;
His Doublet Mutton-taffaty, Sheepe-skins,
His sleeues at hand buttoned with two good Pins:
Vpon his head a filthy greasie hatte,
That had a hole eat thorow by some Ratte:
A Leather Pouch that with a Snap-hance shut,
Two hundred Hob-nayles in his shooes were put:
The Stockings that his Clownish Legges did fit,
Were Kersie to the Calfe, and tother knit;
And at a word th'apparell that he wore,
Was not worth twelue-pence sold at, *Who giues more?*
The other Suertie of an other stuffe,
His necke inuiro'nd with a double Ruffe,
Made Lawne and Cambricke; both such common ware,
His double set had falling-band to spare;
His fashion new with last edition stood:
His Rapier hilts imbrw'd in Golden blood:
And these same trappings made him seeme one sound,
To passe his credit for an hundred pound;
So was accepted, Russet-coat denay'd,
But when time came the Money should be payd,
And Mounsier Vsurer did haunt him out,
Strange alteration strooke his heart in doubt:
For in the Counter he was gone to dwell,
And Brokers had his painted Cloathes to sell.
The Vsurer then further vnderstands,
The Clowne (refusde) was rich, and had good Lands;
Ready (through rage) to hang himselfe, he swore,
That silken Knaues should cozen him no more.

A wealthy

A Wealthy Miſers Sonne vpon a day
Met a poore Youth that did intreat and pray
Something in charity, in his diſtreſſe:
Helpe Sir (quoth he) one that is fatherleſſe.
Sirra (ſaid he) away, begone with ſpeed.
Ile helpe none ſuch; thou art a Knaue indeed:
Doſt thou complaine becauſe thou wantſt a Father?
Were it my caſe, I would reioyce the rather:
For if thy fathers death cauſe thee repine,
I would my Father had excuſed thine.

A Couutry fellow had a Dreame,
Which did his mind amaze,
That ſtarting vp, he wakes his wife,
And thus to her he ſayes.
Oh woman riſe, & helpe your Gooſe,
For euen the beſt we haue,
Is preſently at poynt to die,
Vnleſſe her life you ſaue:
On either ſide of her I ſee
A hungry Fox doth ſit,
But ſtaying vpon curteſie,
Who ſhall begin firſt bit.
Husband (quoth ſhe) if this be all,
I can your Dreame expound;
The perfect meaning of the ſame,
I inſtantly haue found.
The gooſe between two foxes plac'd
Which in your ſleepe you ſaw,
Is you your ſelfe that proou's a gooſe

In going ſtill to Law
On either ſide a Lawyer comes,
And they doe feathers pull,
That in the end you will be left,
A bare and naked Gull.
Wife, in good troth (quoth he) I thinke
Thou art iuſt in the right;
My purſe can witneſſe to my griefe,
They doe begin to bite:
I doe reſolue an other courſe,
And much commend thy wit;
Ile leaue the Gooſes part for them,
That haue a mind to it,
And if thou euer find that I
To Lawing humours fall,
Let me be hang'd at *Weſtminſter*:
(Wife) Ile forſake the Hall.

AN idle fellow that would take no paine,
Looking that others ſhould his ſtate maintaine,
Was ſharpe reproc ued by an honeſt friend,
Who told him man was made to other end,
Then onely eate, and drinke, and ſleepe, and play.
To whom the lazy creature, thus did ſay;
Sir, I doe nere intend to labour much,
Becauſe I ſee the bad reward of ſuch
As take moſt paines: Horſes that labour great,
Are caſt in Ditches for the Dogs to eate.

A crafty

A Crafty kinde of knauiſh Foole,
(Whereof there plenty be,)
Did breake his maſters Looking-Glaſſe,
And ſwore it was not he:
His Maſter did examine him,
Demaunding who it was?
Sir, if you will be content (quoth he)
Ile tell who broake the Glaſſe:
With that he brought him in the Hall,
To *Fortunes* Picture there;
Saying, Sir, twas *Fortune* did the deed,
She ought the blame to beare.
His Maſter tooke a Cudgell,
And belaboured him withall;
Who crying out for mercy, downe
Before his feet did fall.
Nay (quoth his Maſter) tis not I,
To *Fortune* you muſt ſpeake,
For euen ſhe that Cudgels you,
The Glaſſe before did breake.

A Sort of Clownes for loſſe which they ſuſtain'd
By Souldiers, to the Captaine ſore complain'd,
With dolefull words, and very wofull faces,
They mou'd him to compaſsionate their caſes:
Good ſir, (ſayes one) I pray redreſſe our wrong,
They that haue done it vnto you belong:
Of all that ere we had, we are bereft,
Except our very Shirts, theres nothing left.
The Captaine anſwersd thus; Fellowes heare me,
My Souldiers robde you not, I plainely ſee,
At your firſt ſpeech you made me ſomewhat ſad,
But your laſt words reſolu'd the doubt I had;

For they which rifled you, left ſhirts (you ſay)
And I am ſure mine carry all away:
By this I know an errour you are in,
My ſouldiers would haue left you but your skin.

ONe dying, left three ſonnes,
Whom he aduice did giue,
Or what profeſsion to make choice,
Whereby they beſt might liue.
Vnto the firſt he ſaid,
Law will be good for thee,
I know as long as there be men,
Some wranglers ſtill will be.
The ſecond he did wiſh,
A *Cannons* life to chuſe,
For when that others weepe and mourne,
Why thou ſhalt ſinging vſe.
And to the third he ſaid,
Phiſicke for thee is fit,
For Earth will ſmoother all the faults
Phiſitians doe commit.

AN olde ſtale Widdower quite paſt the beſt,
That had nothing about him in requeſt,
Saue onely that he caried in his purſe;
Would haue a tender wench to be his Nurſe:
His ſight was dimme, his teeth were rotted out:
His hands had palſie, and his legges the Gout,
Yet he would wench it with a dainty Maide;
Whoſe beauties pride in all the Pariſh ſwade;
And had her equall hardly to be ſeene,
A tender young one, much about fifteene:

This

This Gallant to her did a ſuter goe,
With much adoe, his legges did plague him ſo;
Yet with his ſtaffe a pretty ſhift he made:
So told her, *Cupid* had the villaine plaide
With his poore heart, t'was wounded for her ſake,
And ſhe muſt needes the healing playſter make.
The Maide beheld him with a loathing eye,
And for his quicke diſpatch, made quicke reply.
Kind ſir (quoth ſhe) your ſute in loue withdraw,
You ſhall not thatch my new houſe with old ſtraw.

A Gentleman a curious Building fram'd,
A houſe like thoſe, that are from Founders nam'd,
The Workemen had enlarg'd their Art thereon,
Compoſing it a curious heape of Stone:
Being perfect finiſhed as't ought to be,
The Founder brought his friend the ſame to ſee,
Demaunding how he lik'd that houſe of his?
Why well (quoth he) onely one faults amiſſe,
And that me thinkes diſgraceth all the reſt;
Your Kitchin is too little, I proteſt.
Oh ſir (quoth he) in that you doe miſtake,
A reaſon for the ſame I will you make:
Of purpoſe I contriu'd the Kitchin ſmall,
To haue my houſe the bigger therewithall.

A *Barber* and a *Mower* did contend,
With much adoe before their ſtrife could end;
About the priuiledge that each did claime,
And thus the *Barber* did his reaſons frame:
Sir, I am head of all the Trades that be,
For Kings muſt ſit bare headed vnto me,

The greateſt Monarch that on earth we find,
Puts off to me: *Mower*, you come behind.
The other replide, *Barber*, in vaine you iarre,
I haue a priuiledge exceeds you farre;
For when by me the Graſſe with Sithe is ſhorne,
Or that my Sickle cutteth downe the Corne,
Vpon the ſtumps, I boldly dare vntruſſe:
What *Barber* on his worke, that dare doe thus?

AN humorous Phantaſticke Aſſe,
Whoſe Wit and Wealth were ſpent,
Did in all companies he came,
Boaſt of his great diſcent:
And all the Gentlemen he knew
Vnto his blood were baſe;
For he could proue from *Noes* great flood,
His ſtocke of royall race.
Pray ſir, (quoth one) take no more paines,
In this ſame worthy thing,
For it is moſt apparant plaine,
From that old houſe you ſpring:
You may iuſt proue your Pedigree,
From *Noah* vnto this houre,
Your Anceſtors good Maſons were,
That wrought on *Babell* Tower.
And were I, as your Worſhip is,
In ſpight of Bricklayers Hall,
I would giue Trowell in mine Armes,
A Ladder, Tray and all.

GEntlemen that approach about my Stall,
To moſt rare Phyſicke, I inuite you all:
Come neere and harken what I haue to ſell,

And

And deale with me, all thoſe that are not well.
In this ſame Boxe, I haue ſuch pretious ſtuffe,
To giue it praiſe I haue not words enuffe:
If any humour in your braine be crept,
Ile fetch it out, as if your head were ſwept.
Almoſt through *Europe*, I haue ſhowne my face:
Behold this Salue (I doe not vſe to lie)
Whole Hoſpitals there haue beene cured thereby:
I doe not ſtand here like a tottard ſlaue,
My Veluet, and my chaine of gold I haue,
Which cannot be maintained by mens lookes:
Friends, all your Towne is hardly worth my Bookes:
There ſtands my Coach and Horſes, tis mine owne;
From hence to *Turkie*, is my credite knowne:
In ſooth I cannot boaſt as many will,
Let nothing ſpeake for me, but onely skill.
See you that thing like Ginger-bread lies there,
My tongue cannot expreſſe to any eare,
The ſundry vertues that it doth containe,
Or number halfe the wormes that it hath ſlaine,
If in your bellies there be crawlers bred,
In multitudes like haires vpon your head,
Within ſome houres ſpace, or thereabout,
At all the holes you haue, Ile fetch them out,
And ferret them before that I haue done,
Euen like the Hare that forth the buſh doth run.
Heere is a wondrous water for the eye,
This for the Stomacke: Maſters will you buy?
When I am gone, you will repent too late,
And then (like fooles) among your ſelues will prate,
Oh that we had that famous man againe,
When I ſhall be ſupplyde in *France* or *Spaine*:
Now for a *Storer* you a Boxe ſhall haue,

That will the liues of halfe a dozen ſaue.
My man is come, and in mine eare he ſayes,
At home for me, at leaſt an hundred ſtayes,
All Gentlemen; yet for your good (you ſee)
I make them tarry, and attend for me.
If that you haue no Money, let me know,
Phiſicke of almes vpon you Ile beſtow.
What Doctor in the world can offer more?
Such arrant Clownes I neuer ſaw before:
Heere you doe ſtand like Owles, and gaze on me,
But not a penny from you I can ſee.
A man ſhall come to doe ſuch Dunces good,
And cannot haue his meaning vnderſtood?
To talke to ſenceleſſe people is in vaine,
Ile ſee you hang'd ere Ile come heere againe:
Be all diſeas'd as bad as horſes be,
And die in ditches like to Dogs, for me:
An old-wiues Medicine, Parſly, Time, and Sage,
Will ſerue ſuch Buſſards in this ſcuruy age:
Gooſegreaſe and Fennell, with a few Dog-dates,
Is excellent for ſuch baſe, lowzy meates:
Farewell, ſome Hempton Halter be the charme,
To ſtretch your necks as long as is mine arme.

ONe came to court a Wench which was preciſe,
And by the Spirit did the fleſh deſpiſe:
Mouing a ſecret match betweene them two;
But ſhe in ſooth and ſadneſſe would not doe:
He did reply; So ſweet a faire as ſhe,
(Made of the ſtuffe as all faire women be),
Ought by the Law of Nature to be kinde,
And ſhew her ſelfe to beare a womans mind.

Well

Well ſir (quoth ſhe) you men doe much preuaile,
With cunning ſpeeches, and a pleaſant tale;
Tis but a folly to be ouer nice;
You ſhall, but twenty ſhillings is my price,
A brace of angels, if you will beſtow,
Come ſuch a time, and I am for you; ſo,
Well, he tooke leaue, and with her Husband met,
Told him by bond, he was to pay a debt:
Intreating him to doe ſo good a deed,
As lend him twenty ſhillings at his need:
Which very kind hee preſent did extend,
And th'other willing on his wife did ſpend:
So taking leaue of her, he goes his wayes,
Meeting his Creditor within few dayes,
And told him, ſir, I was at home to pay
The twenty ſhillings which you lent laſt day,
And with your wife (becauſe you were not there)
I left it; pray with my boldneſſe beare,
Tis well (quoth he) I'me glad I did you pleaſure,
So comming home, queſtions his wife at leaſure:
I pray (ſweet heart) was ſuch a man with thee
To pay two angels, which he had of me:
She bluſht and ſaid; he hath beene heere indeed;
But you die ill to lend: Husband take heed,
The falſehood of the world you doe not ſpie,
It is not good to truſt before we trye:
Pray lend no more, for it may breed much ſtrife,
To haue ſuch Knaues come home to pay your wife.

A Crew of Foxes all on theeuing ſet,
Together at a countrey Hen-rooſt met,
Where the poore Poultry went to grieuous wracke:

For

For there they feaſted till their guts did cracke,
Hauing well ſupp'd, ready to goe away,
Without demaunding what they had to pay?
Sayes one vnto the reſt : Friends hearken to me,
Lets point where our next meeting place ſhall be.
With a good will (ſayes one aboue the reſt)
At ſuch a Farmers houſe, his Lambes bee beſt.
Nay (quoth another) I doe know a Clowne,
Hath euen the fatteſt Geeſe in all the towne.
Well maſters (ſaid a graue and ancient Foxe,
Had been the death of many Hens and Cocks)
The ſureſt place to meete that I can tell,
Will be the Skinners ſhop : and ſo farewell.

A Shepheard that a carefull eye did keepe,
Vnto the ſafety of his graſing ſheepe;
Perceiu'd a Wolfe thorow the hedge to pry,
Sirra (quoth he) pray what make you ſo nie?
Why (ſayes the Wolfe) thou ſeeſt I doe no ill?
Thy flocke is farre enough vpon the hill.
What Iuſtice now adayes theſe people lackes?
The Crowes ride boldly on the Cattels backes,
And not a word thou ſaiſt to them at all,
Yet but for looking on, with me doſt brawle?
The prouerbs true, for now I find it well,
Which once I heard an ancient old Wolfe tell:
He that vpon a bad ill name doth light,
Is euen halfe hang'd, as good be hang'd outright.
And I my ſelfe by proofe can now alledge,
Some better ſteale, then ſome looke ore the hedge.

THe Diuell did complaine he was not well,
And would goe take some Physicke out of Hell:
To *England*, *France*, and *Spaine*, with speed he got,
Where all refusde him, he did burne so hot,
In haste he then to *Germanie* did hie,
The cunning of a *Quack-saluer* to try:
Where in a Market place vpon a Stage,
He found a fellow could all griefes asswage.
Doctor (quoth he) I want some of thy skill,
For I doe finde I am exceeding ill:
And any thing for ease I will endure;
What? wilt thou vndertake my paine to cure;
If thou canst ease the maladie I haue,
Thou shalt haue gold eu'n what thy selfe wilt craue.
Gentleman (said this Doctor to the Diuell)
Vpon my life Ile rid you of your euill;
Make vnto me those grieses you haue but knowne,
And with the curing them, let me alone.
Why sir (quoth he) my head with hornes doth ake,
My braines doth Brimstone, like *Tobacco* take:
My eyes are full of euer-burning Fire,
My tongue a drop of water doth desire;
About my heart doth crawling Serpents creepe,
And I can neither eate, nor drinke, nor sleepe:
Theres no diseases whatsoere they be,
But I haue all of them imposde on me.
All torments that the tongue of man can name,
Within, without, in a continuall flame.
Quoth the *Quack-saluer*, Ile vndertake,
A sound man of you in a moneth to make:
Wilt please your Worship, shew me where you dwell?
Mary (quoth he) my chamber is in hell:
Thy charges in thy iourney I will beare,

An I'le preferre thee to the Diuell there.
With ſpeed get vp, Ile take thee on my backe,
The World may ſpare you, and in Hell we lacke.

A Biſhop met two Prieſts vpon the way,
And did ſalute them with the time of day:
Good morrow Clerks vnto you both (quoth he,)
Sir, (they reply'd) no Clerks, but Prieſts are we.
Why (quoth the Biſhop) then I will conſent
Vnto the title of your owne content:
Sith you deny to carry Schollars markes,
Good morrow to you Prieſts that are no Clerkes.

ONe climbing of a Tree, by hap
Fell downe and brake his Arme,
And did complaine vnto a friend
Of his vnlucky harme.
Would I had counſay'ld you before,
(Quoth he to whom he ſpake)
I know a tricke for Climbers, that
They neuer hurt ſhall take.
Neighbour (ſaid he) I haue a ſonne,
And he doth vſe to climbe,
Pray let me know the ſame for him,
Againſt another time?
Why thus (quoth he) Let any man
That liues, climbe neere ſo hie,
And make no more haſte downe, then vp,
No harme can come thereby.

AN aged Gentleman, ſore ſicke did lie,
Expecting life that could not chooſe but dye:
His foole came to him, and intreated thus,

Good

Good Maſter, ere you go away from vs,
Beſtow on *Iacke* (that oft hath made you laffe)
Againſt he waxeth old, your walking ſtaffe,
I will (quoth he) goe take it, there it is:
But on condition *Iacke*, which ſhall be this:
If thou doe meet with any while thou liue,
More foole then thou, the ſtaffe thou ſhalt him giue.
Maſter (ſaid he) vpon my life I will;
But I doe hope that I ſhall keep it ſtill.
When death drew neere, and faintneſſe did proceed.
His Maſter cals for a Diuine with ſpeed,
For to prepare him vnto heauens way.
The foole ſtarts vp, and haſtily doth ſay,
Oh Maſter, maſter, take your ſtaffe againe.
That prooues your ſelfe the moſt foole of vs twaine:
Haue you liu'd now ſome foure-ſcore years and odde,
And all this time are vnprepar'd for God?
What greater foole can any meet withall,
Then one that's ready in the graue to fall,
And is to ſeek about his ſoules eſtate,
When Death is opening the priſon gate?
Beare witnes friends that I diſcharge me plaine,
Here maſter here, receiue your Staffe againe:
Vpon the ſame condition I did take it:
According as you wil'd me, I forſake it:
And ouer and aboue, I will beſtow
This Epitaph, which ſhall your folly ſhow.

Heere lies a man, at death did heauen claime,
But in his life, he neuer ſought the ſame.

A Simple Clowne in *Flaunders*,
As he treuailing had bin.
Hauing his wife in company,

Came late vnto his Inn,
A *Spaniſh* Souldier being there,
A Gueſt vnto the place:
No ſooner ſaw, but lik't his wife,
(She had a comely face)
And watch'd when they were gone to bed,
Then boldly in comes he.
And neuer ſaid, Friends by your leaue,
But made their number three.
The Clowne lay ſtill and felt a ſtirre,
Yet durſt not ſpeake for's life;
At length his patience was ſo moou'd,
He ſoftly iogg'd his wife:
And ſaid to her; prethee intreat
The *Spaniard* to be ſtill.
Can I ſpeake *Spaniſh* (man quoth ſhe)
You know I haue no skill?
But Husband if you pleaſe to riſe,
And for the Sexton goe,
Hee vnderſtandeth *Spaniſh* well,
Aſſuredly I know.
Faith and Ile fetch him ſtraight (quoth he)
And ſo the Ruſticke roſe,
And ſoftly ſneaking out of doores,
About his meſſage goes.
Meane time, imagine what you will,
To me it is vnknowne:
But ere her Husband came againe,
The *Spaniard* he was gone,
Which when the ſimple foole perceiu'd,
He fell to domineere:
Oh Wife (ſaid he) for twenty pound
I would I had him here.

Tell me (ſweet heart) when I was gone,
How long the Knaue did ſtay?
(Quoth ſhe) you ſcarſe were out of doores,
Before he runne away.
Wife (quoth the Clowne) thou mad'ſt me laugh,
That I did feare him thus:
Come let vs take a little nap,
For his diſturbing vs,
You ſee what comes of policie,
And good diſcretion (wife)
If I had been a haſty foole,
It might haue coſt my life.

I Am a profeſſed Curtezan,
That liues by peoples ſinne:
With halfe a dozen Punkes I keepe,
I haue good comming in:
Such ſtore of Traders haunt my houſe,
To finde a luſty wench,
That twenty Gallants in a weeke,
Doe entertaine the *French*.
Your Courtier and your Citizen,
Your very Ruſticke Clowne,
Will ſpend an angell on the Pox,
Euen ready money downe.
I ſtriue to liue moſt Lady-like,
And ſcorne thoſe fooliſh Queenes,
That doe not rattle in their Silkes,
And yet haue able meanes.
I haue my Coach, as if I were
A Counteſſe I proteſt;
I haue my dainty Muſicke playes
When I would take my reſt.

I haue my ſerning men to waite
Vpon me in Blue Coats :
I haue my Oares that attend
My pleaſure with their Boates :
I haue my Champions that will fight,
My loners that doe fawne :
I haue my Hatte, my Hood, my Maske,
My Fanne, my Cobweb Lawne.
To giue my Gloues vnto a Gull,
Is mighty fauour found,
When for the wearing of the ſame,
It coſts them twenty pouud.
My Garter is a gracious thing,
Another takes away,
And for the ſame, a ſilken Gowne
The prodigall doth pay.
Then comes an Aſſe, and he forſooth,
Is in ſuch longing heate,
My Buske-point euen on his knees,
With teares he doth intreat,
I graunt it to reioyce the man,
And then requeſt a thing,
Which is both Gold, and precious ſtone,
The Woodcocks Diamond ring.
Another lowly minded Youth,
Forſooth my Shoe-ſtring craues,
And that he putteth through his eare,
Calling the reſt, baſe ſlaues.
Thus fit I fooles in humours ſtill,
That come to me for game,
I puniſh them for *Venery*,
Leauing their purſes lame,
In New-gate ſome take lodging vp,

Till

Till they to *Tiburne* ride;
And others walke to *Wood-ſtreete*, with
A Sergeant by his ſide.
Some go to *Hounds-ditch* with their Cloathes,
To Pawne for money lending.
And ſome I ſend to *Surgeons* ſhops,
Becauſe they lacke ſome mending.
Others paſſe ragged vp and downe,
All totter'd, rent and torne;
But being in that ſcuruy caſe,
Their companies I ſcorne:
For if they come and fawne on me,
Theres nothing to be got;
As ſoone as ere my Merchants breake,
I ſweare I know them not.
No entertainment, nor a looke,
That they ſhall get of me.
If once I doe begin perceiue,
That out of Caſh they be:
All kindneſſes that I profeſſe,
The faireſt ſhewes I make,
Is loue of all that comes to me,
For Gold and Siluers ſake.
To forward men I forward am,
Moſt franke vnto the free,
But ſuch as take their Wares on truſt,
Are not to deale with me.
The world is hard, all things are deare,
Good-fellowſhip decayes:
And euery one ſeekes profit now,
In the ſame hungry dayes:
Although my Trade in ſecret be,
Vnlawfull to be knowne,

Yet will I make the beſt I can,
Of that which is mine owne:
For ſeeing I doe venture faire,
At price of whipping cheere,
I haue no reaſon but to make
My Cuſtomers pay deare:
Our charge beſide is very great,
To keepe vs fine and braue,
A Whore that goes not gallantly,
Shall little doings haue:
Therfore all things conſider'd wel
Our charges and our danger,
A daily Friend ſhall pay as much
As any Tearme-time Stranger.

A Rich man and a Poore did both appeare,
Before a Iudge, an iniury to cleare;
The Rich did tell a tale moſt tedious long,
Mending (as he ſuppoſde) with words the wrong;
And euer when the Poore man would haue ſpoke,
With bold out-facing ſpeech he did him choake:
The wofull wight at length could beare no longer,
But boldly raiſ'd his voyce both loud and ſtronger,
My Lord (quoth he) pray now bid *Dines* ſtay,
And here but what Poore *Lazarus* can ſay:
My Oxe came in his field, which he doth keepe,
And ſweares for that he ele pay me with a Sheepe.

FINIS.